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HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.
THE CHEMICAL IMBALANCE -- THE EMOTIONAL SURGES THAT HE CAN'T CONTROL --
JULIE...
HE HAD WORKED SO HARD TO MAKE HER HAPPY AGAIN. FINDING HER A NEW MAN -- A WHOLE MAN -- BRINGING THEM TOGETHER --
BUT HE COULDN'T STOP HIMSELF. HE MADE ONE OF HIS FACES --
-- DISGUISED HIMSELF AS DONALD COE, THE MAN SHE WAS COMING TO LOVE.
-- HIS FACES ONLY LAST FOR 99 MINUTES.
AND HE STAYED TOO LONG.
AND HIS FACES--
HOW COULD SHE EVER FORGIVE HIM..?
I'M SORRY, JULIE..!
KRAKATHOOM
AAAAAA
EH--?

THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING MAKES IT AS CLEAR AS DAY --
YOU BEEN HOLDIN' OUT ON ME, SLAG -- SKIMMIN' CASH FOR YOUR-SELF--!
WHRAK
NO -- I NEVER --
I GIVE YOU IT ALL --
DON'T LIE TO ME, SLAG!
P-PLEASE!
FAD
-NO
IMAGES EXPLODE WETLY IN HIS HEAD.
THE BULLET GOING THROUGH YAKITITO'S SKULL.
THE DUCK COMING DOWN ON THE LIGHTER.
JULIE'S FACE.
JULIE'S FACE--!
DON'T WORRY, JULIE--
PEYTON'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU ANY-MORE!

I-IT'S THAT FUN-- FREAK!
THE ONE THE P-PAPERS CALL DARKMAN!
STAY BACK!
DON'T HURT US!
I'M SORRY, JULIE--
--I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU!
HOW COULD HE BE SO STUPID? THAT WASN'T JULIE -- IT DIDN'T LOOK A BIT LIKE HER.
AND HOW COULD THAT BE PEYTON.
HE'S PEYTON.
I'M SO SORRY --!
I'LL GO TO HER. AS PEYTON -- SO SHE KNOWS WHO SHE'S DEALING WITH.
I'LL GO TO HER AND I'LL APOLOGIZE--
--AND I'LL PROMISE--
--I'LL STAY OUT OF HER LIFE-- FOREVER!

THEY KILLED HIM, STRACK AND DURANT DID. THEY DESTROYED HIM.
DESTROYED THE FACE SHE LOVED -- DESTROYED THE RATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC MIND BEHIND IT --
-- LEAVING NOTHING BEHIND BUT A GRINNING MADMAN.
BUT JULIE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT.
TEK
sKIN SYNthesisIS PROGRAM ac ACCESSED
ssubJECT: WESTLAKE, PeyTON
SKIN SYNTHE PROGRAM WESTLAKE, PEY SEARCHING
DIGITIzation cCOmpleTe CoMMenCINg sySynTHEsis now NOW
NO -- JULIE'S GOT TO BE KEPT SAFE --!
ELSEWHERE.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
I DON'T KNOW -- THEY SAID IT WAS SOMETHING BIG --
THIS IS DURANT'S HOUSE --
CHECK IT OUT -- HUNG FAT JUST WALKED IN --
NO SURPRISE. EVERYONE'S HERE -- FAT, BIG TONY GRIMM, ASH'S BOYS, THE KOREANS --
ONE BOMB IN HERE AND YOU'D WIPE OUT CRIME CITY-WIDE!
THEY SAID IT WAS SOMETHING BIG --

PROBABLY ANOTHER WASTE OF TIME --
LOWELL WAS NO REPLACEMENT, THAT'S FOR SURE. AND AS FOR BELLASARIOUS--
-- NO LEADERSHIP IN THIS CITY SINCE STRACK AND DURANT DIED --
SST! HERE HE COMES!
GENTLEMEN. I'M GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.
BELIEVE ME, I'M NOT UNAWARE OF YOUR CONCERNS --
-- AND, IN FACT, I'VE ASKED YOU HERE TONIGHT TO DISCUSS A SOLUTION.
OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY -- TO INTRODUCE ONE.
GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU --
WHAT?!
IT -- IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
BUT --
IT CAN'T BE --
HOW..?!?
IT'S --
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD--!
-- MISTER ROBERT G. DURANT.
HELLO, BOYS. GLAD TO SEE ME AGAIN?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.
"HE WAS IN A HELICOPTER THAT BLEW UP IN MIDAIR. HOW CAN HE BE BACK --
"WITH NOTHING BUT A SCAR ON HIS FACE --
-- AND BUILT LIKE THE BEARS FRONT FOUR?"
THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE.
IT'S A TRICK.
THE ASSEMBLED CRIMELORDS GIVE A VERY SATISFYING GASP.
AND WHY SHOULDN'T THEY --?
I'VE GOT DOCTOR WEST HERE TO THANK FOR MY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.
SHE CLONED THIS NEW BODY FOR ME -- AND SET IT UP SO MY BRAIN CAN CONTROL IT EVEN AT A DISTANCE.
I'M SURE SHE'S GOT YOUR THANKS AS WELL.
HE'S MONSTROUS!
THOSE SKITTERY LEGS -- LIKE A BUG OR SOMETHING!
HAH! THAT'S BOBBY FOR YOU -- ALWAYS LOSIN' HIS HEAD OVER SOMETHIN', Huh?
Shhh -- YOU CRAZY, TONY?
ANTHONY.
IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, WHY NOT SHARE IT WITH THE REST OF THE GROUP?
Uh -- BOBBY...
I DIDN'T MEAN --

HEY?!
REMEMBER MY COLLECTION, ANTHONY?
PLEASE!
REMEMBER HOW, WHEN PEOPLE CROSSED ME, I'D CHOP OFF THEIR FINGERS WITH MY CIGAR TRIMMER--
--AND KEEP THEM IN A CIGAR BOX?
DO YOU REMEMBER THAT, ANTHONY?
PLEASE, MISTER DURANT--
I'M SORRY-- I DIDN'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU--
DON'T CHOP MY FINGERS OFF -- PLEASE!
I'LL DO ANY-THING TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU!
PLEASE!
WELL... I'VE RE-THOUGHT THAT COLLECTION. FINGERS ARE JUST NOT THE RIGHT THING FOR A MAN OF MY NEWFOUND STATURE TO COLLECT --
TH-THANKS--
KRIPPPPP
AK
AAAAAAAA
I'M COLLECTING ARMS NOW.

LATER.
BE SURE TO GET ALL OF THAT UP, MARIA--
--WE DON'T WANT IT TO LEAVE A STAIN.
I THINK THAT WENT WELL.
DON'T YOU, CLAUDE?
ANTHONY MADE AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.
I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON HIM.
I DON'T THINK ANY OF THE OTHERS WILL CONTEST OUR PLANS TO UNITE THE CITY'S FRAGMENTED MOBS UNDER OUR LEADERSHIP.
AND DARKMAN--?
DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND --
-- IT'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF EVEN AS WE SPEAK.

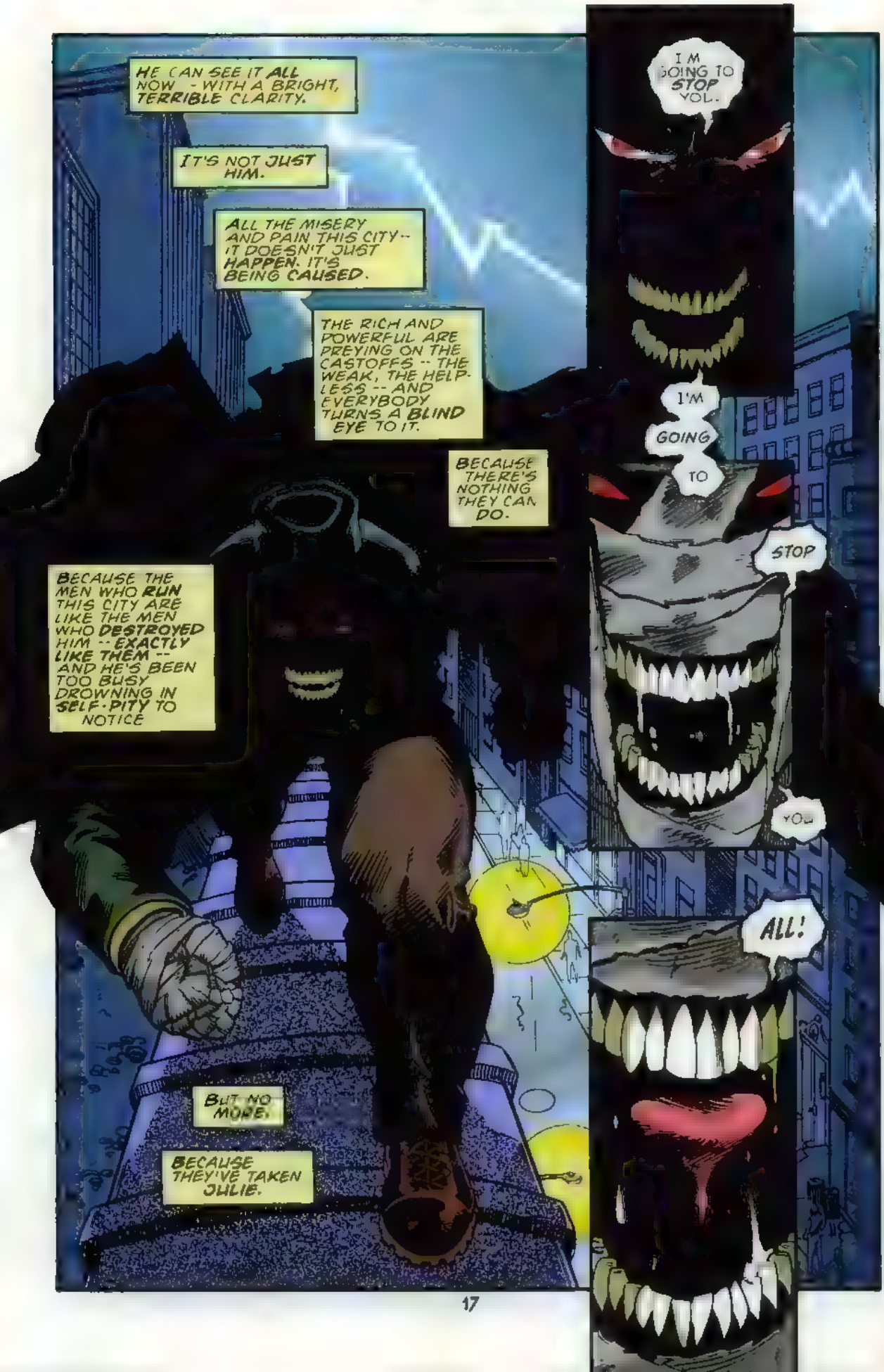
THE MURNAU-SPRANG MEDICAL CENTER.

JULIE HASTINGS TRIES TO CONCENTRATE ON THE LEGAL BRIEF IN FRONT OF HER.
BUT SHE KEEPS SEEING HIS FACE --
--DONALD'S FACE --
--MELTING AWAY.

WHAT'S NEXT?
ARE YOU HERE, PEYTON?
ARE YOU WATCHING ME?
SHE TOOK A CAB TO WORK THIS MORNING AND THE CABBIE SMILED AT HER, AND HE HAD PEYTON'S EYES--
--THE AMBULANCE ATTENDANT WHO PASSED HER IN THE HALL
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...
UH! DONALD!
JULIE ?
ARE YOU YOU?!
OR -- ARE YOU HIM?
JULIE, YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE. WHAT'S WRONG?
THE WAY YOU STAND -- THE BOOK YOU GAVE ME --
DOES DONALD COE EVEN EXIST? OR WAS IT YOU ALL THE TIME?!
JULIE, I DON'T-
DON'T TOUCH ME!
YOU HEARD THE LADY, PALLY.
BACK AWAY FROM HER NICE AND SLOW...
WH
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M YOUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR. I'M RESCUING YOU.
BERETTA 9MM 92F
NOW SHUT UP AND COME WITH US
Ah--?!
WAIT -- YOU CAN'T--
Oh, YOU WANNA BE A HERO?
YOU CAN BE A DEAD HERO, IF YOU LIKE.
OR YOU CAN BACK OFF AND LET US TAKE THIS LADY OUT OF HERE, AND NOBODY GETS HURT.
TELL HIM THE OLD STRACK PROJ-ECT.
HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.
THE OLD -?
TELL WHO--?
I'M DREAMING -- ALL BEEN A DREAM -- MUST BE --
WAKE UP ANY MINUTE --
BEDROOM --
SAFE --
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY LADY
THE OLD STRACK PROJECT. TELL HIM.
SLAM
BLAST! IT'S LOCKED!
SOME-BODY CALL THE POLICE!
DARKMAN CLEARS HIS THROAT AGAIN, KEEPING HIS VOCAL CORDS LOOSE. HE BOUGHT A NEW COAT. THE FLOWERS ARE NICE.
HE'S READY.
POLICE
KID-NAPPING
IN PUBLIC?

KEEP IT LOOSE, HE TELLS HIMSELF. SOUND NORMAL.
DON'T SCARE ANYBODY.
WHAT -
-- WHAT'S GOING ON?
THREE ARMED MEN! THEY JUST KIDNAPPED ONE OF OUR LAW STAFF -- JULIE HASTINGS!
WHAT?!
THEY SAID TO TELL SOMEBODY ABOUT THE OLD STRACK PROJECT --
-- BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY WHO!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THEY--
SLAM
HEY!
HEY MISTER -- THAT AREA'S OFF-LIMITS TO ALL BUT --
HOSPITAL PERSONNEL -


HE CAN SEE IT ALL NOW - WITH A BRIGHT, TERRIBLE CLARITY.
IT'S NOT JUST HIM.
ALL THE MISERY AND PAIN THIS CITY -- IT DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN. IT'S BEING CAUSED.
THE RICH AND POWERFUL ARE PREYING ON THE CASTOFFS -- THE WEAK, THE HELPLESS -- AND EVERYBODY TURNS A BLIND EYE TO IT.
BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO.
BECAUSE THE MEN WHO RUN THIS CITY ARE LIKE THE MEN WHO DESTROYED HIM -- EXACTLY LIKE THEM -- AND HE'S BEEN TOO BUSY DROWNING IN SELF-PITY TO NOTICE
BUT NO MORE.
BECAUSE THEY'VE TAKEN JULIE.
I'M GOING TO STOP YOU.
I'M GOING TO STOP YOU ALL!

STRACK CITY. IT WAS GOING TO BE THE BUSINESS CENTER OF THE FUTURE -- HELIPORT, SHOPPING, A FULL MARINA -- THE ULTIMATE IN CORPORATE PARKS.
WHEN LOUIS STRACK JUNIOR DIED, WORK STOPPED "TEMPORARILY" TO MARK THE COMMUNITY'S LOSS
IT NEVER STARTED AGAIN.
A GOOD ENOUGH PLACE TO END IT, DARKMAN THINKS
OH YOO HOO!
DARK-MAN!
UP HERE.
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, FREAK.
--JUST A DREAM--
JUST A BAD DREAM.
DURANT!
HOW COULD HE HAVE BELIEVED DURANT WAS DEAD? EVEN FOR AN INSTANT?
OF COURSE HE'S ALIVE.
OF COURSE HE IS
DARKMAN FEELS THE ADRENALINE FLOODING THROUGH HIS BODY -- FILLING HIM WITH THE STRENGTH OF RAGE AND MADNESS. THIS TIME --

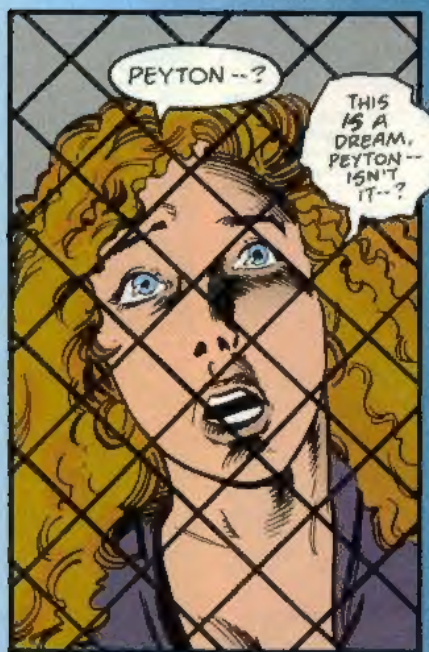
--THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO KILL DURANT--
--I'LL WAKE UP--
AH, THAT HOARSE, RASPY BREATHING!
HOW I'VE MISSED IT.
--AND DURANT'S GOING TO STAY DEAD!
GRAB THAT BEAM, JULIE.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF DURANT!
HIS...
HIS HEAD..?
HIS... HEAD...
THAT'S RIGHT, DARKMAN --
WE'RE A MATCHED PAIR OF FREAKS NOW--
BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE. I'M PERFECTLY SUITED TO CLAMBERING AROUND ON GIRDERS LIKE THIS, YOU SEE --
--AND YOU'RE A SITTING DUCK!
WHUMP
Huhh --!

NO--!
I WON'T FALL!
WANT TO PUT MONEY ON THAT?
GET TO THE ELEVATOR, JULIE! GET TO SAFETY!
PEYTON?
DONALD?
STRACK?
I DON'T KNOW YOU ARE ANYMORE...
... BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT IN ANY DANGER...
I'M JUST ASLEEP
GET TO THE ELEVATOR, JULIE--!!
I CAN'T HOLD HIM BACK FOREVER!
I'LL WAKE UP ANY MINUTE

HOW COULD HE HAVE DONE THIS TO HER?
HER MIND CAN'T BE DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR -- CAN IT?
SUDDENLY, IT NO LONGER MATTERS WHETHER SHE FORGIVES HIM OR NOT.
KLUDD
ONLY THAT SHE LIVES.
I CAN MAKE MYSELF WAKE UP.
OH GOD LET HER LIVE --
GET IN THE ELEVATOR, JULIE.
PLEASE.
FOR ME.
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
WHY DON'T I RIP HER INTO BLOODY PIECES -
- AND MAKE YOU WATCH?
NO!
GO, JULIE.
WHUK
HE FEELS A COUPLE OF RIBS CRACK, BUT IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. HE CAN TAKE IT.
TO KEEP HER SAFE --
HE CAN TAKE ANYTHING.
KRAKK
GO -- NOW!!

FINALLY!
KLIKA KK KA
WAKE UP-- WAKE UP--
WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP?!
CLANG
THE DOORS CLOSE AND THAT THING'S FISTS POUND ON IT BUT THE CAGE WHIRS DOWNWARD ANYWAY--
AND DARKMAN LETS HIMSELF BREATHE AGAIN--
BROKEN RIBS, DARK MAN? LOOKS LIKE IT FROM HERE!
I KNOW YOU DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN, BUT IT'S GOT TO SLOW YOU UP-- EH?
RRRRRRRRRRRR
POLICE ?!?
WITH LOWELL DEAD, THE METROPOLITAN CLUB DOESN'T HAVE AS TIGHT A REIN ON THEM AS WE USED TO, APPARENTLY.
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT--

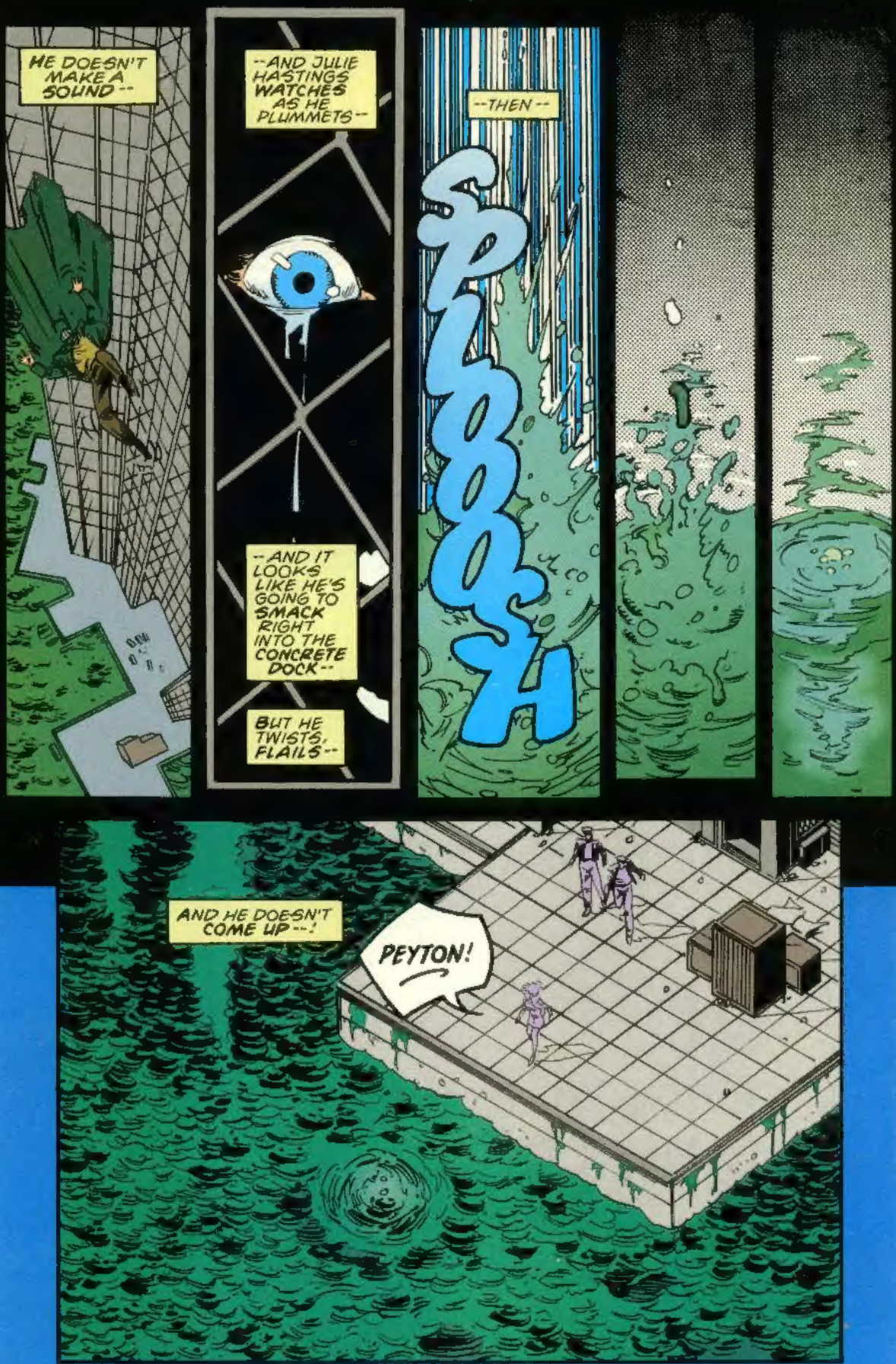
NO!
YOU'LL NEVER RULE THIS CITY LIKE YOU DID BEFORE!
I'M PUTTING AN END TO IT -- RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW!
Ah-Ah, DARKMAN!
ADMIRABLY LIBERAL SENTIMENTS -- BUT YOU'RE WATCHING MY HEAD AGAIN --
-- INSTEAD OF MY FEET!


PEYTON --?
THIS IS A DREAM, PEYTON -- ISN'T IT --?

Uhh!

HE TRIES TO PULL HIMSELF UP -- BUT HIS RIBS BETRAY HIM --
-- AND HIS ARM WON'T WORK.

--AND--
WELL, WELL, WELL.
THIS IS A VERY INTERESTING SITUATION WE HAVE HERE, ISN'T IT?
PARDON ME WHILE I GET SETTLED.
Ah.
NOW THIS IS WHY I HAD MS. HASTINGS BROUGHT UP HERE AND THEN HAD MY MEN LEAVE--
KNIK
I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO INTERFERE WITH THE TWO OF US SETTLING THINGS-- PERSONALLY.
YOU!
UP ON THE BUILDING! LET THAT MAN GO!
NOW!
LET HIM GO?
FINE.


HE DOESN'T MAKE A SOUND--
--AND JULIE HASTINGS WATCHES AS HE PLUMMETS--
--AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO SMACK RIGHT INTO THE CONCRETE DOCK--
BUT HE TWISTS, FLAILS--
--THEN--
SPLOOSH
AND HE DOESN'T COME UP--!
PEYTON!

PEYTON!
EASY, LADY EASY--
HE'S GONE.
FROM THAT HEIGHT, WATER MUSTA BEEN HARD AS ICE--!
AND SHE KNOWS -- SHE KNOWS FOR SURE NOW --
--THIS IS NO DREAM.
PEYTON!
BASH
NEXT: DARK VICTORY
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